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The Legend of the Rose Tree of Santa Maria degli Angeli.

By TROVATOR.

The famous church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, one of the most magnificent in Italy, is situated near the Convent of St. Francis at Assisi, and covers the spot formerly occupied by the little hut of the holy saint—the rude walls of the hut yet remaining under the dome of the church. St. Francis occupied this little hovel at the period of the legend, related in the following ballad—

St Francis was kneeling before the cross
In lonely and silent prayer,
When he heard the sound of a heavenly voice
Ring sweetly through the air.

St Francis looked up, and a holy light
Dazzled his saintly eye,
And he felt that it was our blessed Lord,
Who had died on Calvary.

And he heard a voice that thrilled his soul,
The voice of that blessed Lord;
The voice of Him whom the hosts of Heaven
For ages have all adored.

It was not the voice of an angry Judge,
But the voice of a Saviour dear,
And its tones of mercy, its tones of love,
Banished his rising fear.

It told him his pious prayers had been heard,
And, like Solomon of old,
To him would be granted whatever he asked,
Were it wisdom or earthly gold.

St Francis prayed that each pilgrim, who
From afar this place should win,
Might by that toilsome pilgrimage
Be pardoned from every sin.

His prayer was granted; the holy saint
Then turned from his humble home,
And joyfully travelled alone and afoot
On the road that leads to Rome.

The Pope was before the High Altar,
And the holy mass he read;
And St Francis, after the vesper hour,
Told him what Christ had said.

"Away! away!" said the faithless Pope,
"I cannot believe this tale."

St Francis wearily turned from Rome,
And he travelled o'er hill and dale,

Till he came again to his humble cell;
Then mournfully he sighed
And, lifting up his voice to heaven,
To Our Lady dear he cried.

Then again he knelt before the cross
In lonely and silent prayer,
And again he heard that heavenly voice
Ring sweetly through the air.

And he looked, and again a holy light
Dazzled his saintly eye,
And again he was near our blessed Lord,
Who had died on Calvary.

And again that dear voice spoke, and said
That a miracle would prove,
To the world abroad and the Pope at Rome,
The strength of a Saviour's love.

It said to him that the rose-tree fair,
That grew by his cottage door,
Should suddenly bloom at the touch of his hand,
Though the summer time was o'er.

And then the voice to sweet music changed
And slowly it floated away;
And the holy light, that had filled the room,
Withdrew its celestial ray;

But it seemed to have left a halo bright
Round the head of the holy saint;
When alone in his cell it was brilliant and clear,
When away from the cross it was faint.

Yet many a time when the mass he read,
When he preached the holy word,
That light was seen, and the people said:
'Twas the shadow of Our Lord.

St Francis stood up from before the Cross,
And he went to the rose-tree fair—
It was only the first month of the year,
And bitter and cold was the air.

And the frost lay glistening bright on the ground,
And the mountains with snow were white;
The rose-tree had lost all its flowers and leaves—
It was but a pitious sight.

Then the people gathered around to ask
What the holy man wanted there.
He gave them his blessing—he looked towards
Heaven,
Then he touched the rose-tree fair.

I would that we all had been there to see
The miracle wrought in their sight,
For quickly there bloomed on the withered tree
Roses, both red and white.

The roses so red, St Francis said,
Were tinged with the blood of His dying love;
The roses so white were the garments bright
That we all shall wear in His kingdom above.

The news soon spread o'er the Christian world,
To the Pope on his papal chair;
And the miracle that St. Francis wrought
Was quickly known everywhere.

And pilgrims flocked to St. Francis' shrine,
As had been ordained by Heaven,
And as many as made this pilgrimage,
Were of all their sins forgiven.

Long ages have past, and the holy saint
Has gone:—and now joyfully
He sits at the feet of Our Blessed Lord,
Who had died on Calvary.

But the rose-tree lives to this very day,
And even now, it is said,
That every year, on this same rose-tree,
Bloom roses, both white and red.

And a stately church with its frescoed dome,
Covers St Francis' shrine,
And the Pope, in his papal chair at Rome,
Still honors the saint as divine.

Thus when we, like St Francis, from earth are
called,
Like him may we upward fly,
And meet at the feet of that blessed Lord,
Who has died on Calvary.

Assisi, Italy. April 1858.

The Third "Mittelrheinisches" Musical Festival.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

The concert on the second day (the 27th September), took place at two o'clock P.M., under the direction of Herr Hagen, *Capellmeister* of the Ducal theatre at Wiesbaden. It opened with a very fine performance of Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. We cannot, however, approve of the choice of the conclusion which R. Wagner has appended to it, instead of that by Mozart, which is far better adapted for a concert. The orchestra, however, proved what it could do with a correct tempo.

The choruses *a capella*, the choral by Johann Eccard: "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her," with alterations in the text, and Johann Christoph Bach's motet: "Ich lasse dich nicht," were given, it is true, with precision, and without sinking, but the execution was far beneath what we are entitled to expect in such choruses without accompaniments. The notes were intoned rather than sung. Due significance was not given to them, so that it was seldom we heard the tone properly, or swell and die away as it should have done. We confess that proper expression of this description, and, especially, perfect equality of the same in all the voices, is difficult to achieve with only one general repetition of a number of different associations, and, for this reason, we consider that choruses *a capella* are not at all suited for musical festivals. They can only be sung after a course of persevering study by particular associations, which have dedicated themselves exclusively to this description of music; and even then such an effect as that produced by the Berlin Dom-Chor will be difficult of attainment.

Herr Dionys Pruckner, of Munich, played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto, in E flat major, like an accomplished artist. It was greatly to be regretted that the excellently toned grand piano he used was not tuned to the pitch of the orchestra. This circumstance naturally weakened very much the effect of his playing. The orchestra, also, took matters too easily, and was not always exact. The kettle-drums completely marred the conclusion of the last movement, and the impression it produced could not be effaced by the brilliant manner in which the solo performer gave the final cadence. Altogether, Herr Pruckner succeeded best in the last movement; his execution of the *adagio* left the audience rather cold, while, despite all the purity and certainty of his performance, he did not always impart the requisite breadth and dignity to the magnificent first *allegro*. Concerning the proper mode of executing this concerto we entertain ideas completely different to those held by most pianoforte virtuosi of modern times, with the exception of Franz Liszt, who plays it with a classic repose, which in no way excludes heroic expression, but, on the contrary, heightens it. At the very introduction of the first movement we nearly always meet with an instance of false conception; the passages in it are not cadences in the ordinary sense of the word; they are integral component parts of the whole movement, as is sufficiently proved by their recurrence in the tempo of the second part. It is true that the execution of them is left by the composer to the performer, but only in so far as the latter conceives and renders them in conformity with the character and spirit of the whole movement, and not as the mere means of displaying technical skill.

Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm brought the first part of the concert to a close. It was better executed than any other piece in the whole programme. The chorus and orchestra worked well together; the tempo was always correct and

appropriate, and the effect produced by several detached passages—such for instance, as, "Was war dir, o Meer;" "Vor dem Herrn bebte die Erde;" and the repetition of the first theme, "Da Israel aus Aegypten zog"—was grand and magnificent. The "Hallelujah" at the conclusion would, perhaps, have been improved by a little more fire and dash in the expression, though not in the tempo.

The second part commenced with Franz Schubert's grand symphony in C major. We cannot abstain from saying that the performance was an utter failure from beginning to end. We never met with such exaggeration of all the tempi. The grounds on which this fact was justified by a zealous friend of, and coöperator in, the festivals, who resides in the neighborhood, are too curious to be withheld from our readers. "There is no art required," he said, "to find fault with the false tempi; in the present instance, the conductors were perfectly right; the proper tempo should be observed with artists and amateurs; but, if we would introduce Art among the people, everything must be taken more quickly." Who can successfully resist arguments of this kind?

It is impossible to say to what music will be reduced, if such a scampering through the notes is received as an artistic execution? The piano-forte virtuosi of the last ten years have got to answer for a great deal. They were the first to take the tempi too quickly, for the purpose of displaying their digital skill, and I recollect perfectly well that one of the favorite phrases of admiration was, "And what a mad tempo!" Ay, mad, indeed, in the true sense of the word, even as regards that contagious principle inherent in every kind of folly. French criticism invented for it a word, "*enlever*," and was delighted if the pianist (another Parisian invention) rattled a piece off the keys in such a manner that nothing of it was left either in the ear or the heart. The mania gradually seized orchestral conductors, and when, in addition to this, literary men and democrats began, without possessing musical knowledge, to take the lead in music, we heard such observations as: "Our age is the age of rapid progress—the rate at which our blood rolls is quicker than its sluggish pace in the veins of our predecessors—we live more quickly!" As a natural result we were told that we must completely change walking (*andante*) into running; gaiety (*allegro*) into unbridled noise; and quickness (*presto*) into racing. To this we must add contempt for all that was old and had been handed down to us, ridicule of all traditions, and, therefore, of musical tradition; and, lastly, theory advocating the right of the subjective conception of a classical work by the player or conductor.

In this manner we have gradually arrived at such monstrosities, as the manner in which Schubert's symphony was executed by Herr Hagen in Wiesbaden. We can only repeat what we have already said about it. In the very first *allegro*, the warning inscription "*ma non troppo*" was written in vain on the finger-post pointing to the correct time; the pert strength of the dotted crotchet, and, with it, the entire character of the movement was lost, since the grace quaver could never come out with sufficient force. The rapidity, moreover, which transformed the wonderful *andante con moto* into a regular jig, was really revolting to every one who treasured in his heart the heavenly melodies of this piece. Similarly, the *allegro vivace* of the scherzo became a *presto*, rendering a staccato of the quaver figures almost impossible. The worst treated, however, was the trio, in which, moreover, very little attention was paid to the expression, the piano being usually almost entirely ignored in the *forte piano*, which is here so frequently marked. But the *ne plus ultra* of insipid conception was furnished by the finale, *allegro vivace*, that is to say, according to the theory invariably followed by the conductor of the symphony, "as quickly as possible." It seems as if Herr Hagen wished to prove that rapidity is, after all, witchcraft. In our opinion, music ceases when such mad speed begins.

After the symphony, the chorus of priests from *Die Zauberflöte* fortunately restored our musical equanimity, while Handel's grand "Hallelujah,"

from the *Messiah*, concluded, in an imposing manner, and, strange to say, in correct tempo, the second festival-concert.

Concerning the proceedings of the third day, we append the account furnished by our esteemed Wiesbaden correspondent.

The festival on the Neroberg, one of the most charming spots in the lovely country round Wiesbaden, was something never witnessed here before. From two o'clock in the afternoon, the crowd flocked towards the hill. Numbers of carriages conveyed the fashionable world thither, while the other part of the community moved forward in various manners, on foot, on horseback, or mounted on donkeys. An inscription on a kind of triumphal arch, bade the singers "Welcome under roof." It was a people's festival, and, consequently, a popular tone predominated. All ranks were represented. Even the old master Spohr came. Wherever he set his foot, he was greeted by triple huzzas. On this occasion he became a "man of the people." About seven o'clock, the procession of the visitors, with music at their head, again reached the town, which was up and stirring.

At seven o'clock, the performance of Spontini's *Vestalin* commenced in the theatre. Herr Tichatschek (Licinius) was the only artist who rendered the performance a "festival" one. His voice is still fresh, strong, and equal; his style as bold and sure as ever; while his dramatic fire is still the same that for years has charmed the public. We are all acquainted with his peculiar declamation, which we overlook in favour of the genial singer. He has gone too far in this, ever to divest himself of his custom of dividing syllables, shortening notes instead, as Bader, Mantius, as well as Schneider, who was once here, and all great tenors have done, of connecting them a little more. He pulls and pushes them, and is not fond of submitting to the composer. (Subjective conception!)

In spite of this artist's fiery performance, the public was not particularly enthusiastic. Whether this fact was to be attributed to the increased prices of admission, the house decorated in a festive manner in honor of the third Middle-Rhenish Festival (as the bills announced), or the performance of the other articles, Heaven alone knows.

Madlle Lehmann, who played and sang Julia, Mdle. Schöchen (First Priestess of Vesta), and Herr Simon, evidently took pains to prove themselves "talented;" but the audience bestowed some faint applause only on a few of Julia's sighs.

Herr Lipp (Pontifex Maximus) did full justice to his part, both as regarded the music and the declamation. The constant *tremolo*, the chuckling shakes, and the disagreeable notes in the upper register of Madlle. Lehmann's voice, her unpleasant screaming, her marble-like face, which is always the same, and her running backwards and forwards, without any object, on the stage, are truths which we will defend against this young lady, and of which we are obliged to remind her. That, as a native of Denmark, she does not speak better German, could not be urged as a reproach against her, were she singing in Rendsburg, Flensburg, or Kiel; but it is not every one here who knows she is a foreigner, and, therefore, this defect produces a disagreeable impression. Mdle. Schöchen does not always sing in tune. She is too uncertain, and speaks rather with her hands and eyes than sings. To master such a part as that confided to her, she is deficient in power. Her voice may be well enough for unpretending songs, but not for dramatic singing. Herr Simon competes with Mdle. Lehmann in the *tremolo*. He possesses good vocal powers, but he should learn to employ them in a more worthy manner. This would be attended by profit and honor both to art and himself. The dances, introduced by Mdle. and Herr Opfermann, were, as usual, applauded.

Characters of the Keys in Music.

(Continued from page 287.)

NEW YORK, DEC. 7.

Mr. Editor,—I concluded my last letter by proposing to examine a few facts in connection

with the production of greater or less velocity of vibration, for the purpose of drawing such inferences as the facts may warrant. I will now briefly do so.

If we take several strings of equal length, but of various thickness, and place an equal strain upon them, we find that, when set in motion, the velocity of the vibration of the thinner strings is greater than that of the thicker.

Again, if we take several strings of equal thickness, but of unequal length, and place an equal strain upon them, we find the velocity of vibration of the shorter greater than that of the longer.

The same inference results from both facts, viz: that, all things else being equal, in proportion as the quantity of matter brought into vibratory motion is greater the velocity will be less; and, *vice versa*, as the amount of matter is less the velocity is greater.

The velocity of the vibration, then, is nothing more than the effect, perceived by the ear, of a certain amount of matter set in vibratory motion; and its action upon the ear is like the action of size upon the eye or the pressure of weight upon the hand or any other part of the body.

Now, as an increase of matter gives an increase of weight and size, if the proposition that the proportions (or interval ratios) of one scale should be the same as in another, be admitted, which would give a like form or figure, we might, perhaps not inappropriately, liken the twelve keys in use to twelve metal balls, and represent

C natural by a metal ball of 12 pounds.

C sharp " " " " 11½ "

D natural " " " " 11 "

D sharp " " " " 10½ "

E natural " " " " 10 "

F natural " " " " 9½ "

F sharp " " " " 9 "

G natural " " " " 8½ "

G sharp " " " " 8 "

A natural " " " " 7½ "

A sharp " " " " 7 "

B natural " " " " 6½ "

Now let these balls be rolled across a floor above our heads, and let the impetus given be such that their relative velocity shall be as their relative weight, and they will exhibit just that proportionate difference which, to my mind, exists in the keys in music.

If an experiment of this kind were made, although the only means of perception were by the organ of the ear, yet we should, by associate knowledge, be able to state the positive form, relative size, weight and velocity; and, possibly, that the balls were of metal!

In relation to musical sound, the Musical Scale is the form, and the Pitch is the size, weight and velocity; and that which it is produced from, the material. Will any one pretend to say that the ball of 8 pounds, when rolled as before specified, will convey to the ear the impression of greater size and weight and less velocity, than the ball of twelve pounds?

Now, as associate knowledge enabled us to determine several points beside the one actually communicated to the ear, so in musical sound, the same idea of weight, &c., is associated; and as the difference between one range of tones and another is the result of an actual difference of quantity of matter brought into operation, so the difference of weight, &c. will be in proportion to

such difference of quantity, all things else being equal.

As the amount of matter brought into play, with its size, weight, &c., would, separately considered, exhibit no sentimental quality, it only remains to examine the associate impressions that these properties make, and whether the impressions and properties are in proportion the one to the other. If, then, a musical sound of 200 vibrations to a second of time be a consequent of double the amount of the same material brought into action for a sound of 400 vibrations, will not whatever associate impression results from the ratio 2:4, be likewise exhibited in the ratio 3:4, if we use such an amount of matter as shall produce a sound of 300 vibrations? If the difference between one sound and another be the result of a difference in the quantity of material used, then the effect of such difference must be in proportion to such difference.

That which is true of a single sound, is also true of a musical scale; a single sound has associated with it a certain amount of weight, size, form, material, and velocity of motion; and, when compared with another sound, possesses these qualities in a greater or lesser degree, according to the sound with which it is compared. A musical scale is a certain proportioned series of sounds, commencing on some given sound, and carries with it, in all its members, greater or less weight, &c. than some other scale, according as the fundamental sound of that other scale is produced from more or less material.

One very important association, then, of a scale formed upon a sound whose velocity is less than in some other scale, is, that more weight, size, &c. is represented; hence the idea of grandeur, vastness, &c. presents itself to the mind.

There is, however, another very important association connected with velocity of vibration. When motion is very rapid, we consider there is much motion, when it is slow, we consider there is but little. The evidence of life is motion, and we judge of the liveliness of a person by the rapidity of his motions. Every person ordinarily exhibits a certain amount of motion, according to temperament, constitution, &c., and whenever more than this average amount is exhibited, the individual is laboring under some more than ordinary exciting cause; when less than average is exhibited, ordinary causes fail to produce their usual effect, and a tendency to cessation of motion, or death, is exhibited; or the usual velocity of motion is lessened by the weight of some mental or physical impediment. Less motion, then, in an individual, indicates a pressure upon the mind of great importance, and associates the idea of large size, weight, &c., or it shows a failing of power, and points to cessation, either partial or entire! Greater motion indicates lightness, buoyancy, &c., and points to an increase of life, power, and its enjoyments!

J. J. CLARKE.

Another Opinion on "Lohengrin" in Vienna.

(From the Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

(Concluded from last week.)

Musical Vienna has troubled itself but very little with the factions existing in musical matters, for a considerable period, in the North of Germany. The Viennese public are not conversant with the subjects of dispute, and the warfare carried on in consequence by the various musical papers, and, above all, does not think of them, when streaming into the theatre to hear a new opera. A Viennese is, on the one hand, too uneducated, in many particulars, and, on the other, too reasonable, and possessed of too sound

a judgment in musical matters, to look for anything else at the theatre but the unbiased, undisturbed enjoyment of the work of art he goes to see, and of its representation. The reader perceives, we by no means wish to depreciate the success of *Lohengrin*, which strikes us as all the more satisfactory and natural, for the very reason that Wagner has to share it only with the artists who represented, and the gentleman who directed his work, while we must decidedly refuse to acknowledge, and, in doing so, we think we truly render the opinion of the Viennese public—that the so-called "Music of the Future"; the ideas which Wagner enunciates with such passionate pathos in his writings; the tendency which Herr Brendel advocates so cleverly in his paper, have achieved, with *Lohengrin*, that triumph, about which the members of Wagner's party are so enthusiastic. In reply to this, we shall be told: "The public was not, perhaps, quite conscious of what it felt; but the applause bestowed on *Lohengrin* involved the recognition of those principles which Wagner wishes to introduce into opera." To our mind, however, the direct contrary is the case. Whatever produces a satisfactory and elevating impression in Wagner's opera is precisely that which is not the practical realization of his theories of reform, or that on which he and his adherents lay the greatest stress in their arguments—but that which, in every opera of the Past or Present, would be considered good and appropriate, dramatically true, and musically beautiful.

Wagner's talent strikes us as indisputable, but his system as by no means so. We invariably perceive the greatest development of his talent in the very instances where he is unfaithful to his own system.

Wagner's polemical and reformatory writings are distinguished for their clever and soaring, although frequently superabundant and verbose, exposition of the defects and excrescences clinging to modern operas. But, from the very outset, Wagner confounds the abuse with the right employment of allowable means, and erroneously portrays every abuse as an incurable and fundamental evil, and all that the greatest masters have produced in the shape of operas as a failure. This is a crying act of injustice, which is an evident contradiction to the well-known respect entertained by Wagner, as a musician, for these self-same masters. But his rhetorical mode of exposition always becomes darker, more unintelligible, and more superabundant, whenever he has to set up a picture of the future to guide us, instead of the past, which, according to him is languishing in its last death-struggle. His ideal of the true, and only possible opera, is, as far as we can comprehend what he means, either a highly impracticable step backwards, to times long since past, or an intended completion and perfecting of that which has been done, in the same style, by the masters of the Past and of the Present—of that which, therefore, in both cases, according to his principle, has already existed, without the slightest intention of really re-modelling it. If opera is indeed to be only a succession of recitatives, without a resting point—a mere musical intoning of the dramatic dialogue, without any specific musical aim and substance—such unhappy eagerness to exaggerate Gluck's strict theory, and to return to the infancy of opera, can only end in a very deplorable result. If this is the case, Wagner is no reformer, but the most violent reactionary in the domains of Art, who despises the progress made since Rameau and Lully, and, most impracticably, would, instead of developed dramatic music, such as we have possessed for eighty years, restore the recitative, which, if solely and wholly supreme, would constitute the essence of monotony. Directly the dramatic action and dialogue are regarded as the principal things, as the "aim," and the music as the "means" only, the latter runs a risk of being justly discarded as completely useless, nay, as an impracticable adjunct, even interrupting the dialogue, and impeding the action. Music is effective and agreeable only when it appropriates the meaning of the words, and imparts to them a heightened effect, possessing, at the same time, dramatic truth and musical substance. If this, however, is Wagner's purpose, if his only intention was to restore to opera dramatic truth, in which, from various errors, it is occasionally deficient, then he ought to have said so; then, instead of stepping forward as a reformer, he ought, as a true disciple of honored and great men, to acknowledge that he, in his way, wished to effect nothing but what Gluck and Mozart, Cimarosa and Paisiello, Méhul and Boieldieu, Cherubini and Spontini, Beethoven and Weber, Spohr and Weigl, Meyerbeer and Lortzing, also tried to effect, and which they succeeded more or less in doing. The above masters have, each in his own way and in proportion to his powers, produced effects that are extraordinarily beautiful and great, precisely in musically-dramatic characterization, and not, in order to be characteristically true, by descending to absolute recitative, and banishing the cantilena; no, they enjoyed

the privilege of uniting beauty and variety with truth, of blending melody and dramatic expression, of retaining the form of the aria, the duct, etc., and, at the same time, of being so true, that Wagner cannot be more so, although he sacrifices everything, even beauty, to truth. What becomes, then, under these circumstances, and the crushing weight of these facts and examples, of Wagner's system of the "Opera of the Future"?

For these reasons nothing has yet been gained for the system itself by this success of *Lohengrin*, at least not with us in Vienna, where, from the force of habit, we are, in musical matters, usually accustomed to call things by their right names. We do not exactly know how the new philologists on the banks of the Pleisse may choose to express themselves, but, among us, a melody is still always a melody, and an opera an opera, while simple, impressive vocal music which penetrates to the heart, is still always considered as the greatest triumph a heaven-inspired composer can achieve, so old fashioned are our views. Little is to be effected by us with phrases concerning the difference between the "tone-melody," and the "word-melody," of the "harmonically-poetical complex," of the "architectonic treatment of the subject," of the "union of all the arts in one whole work of Art," &c. If Wagner succeeds in Vienna, it will be in spite of what he has written about himself and what others have written about him. He will owe his success solely to his unusual natural talent, which, although not free from error, is powerful enough to captivate the mind of an impartial auditor, to elevate his heart, to fix his attention, and, in many instances, to satisfy his musical taste. But we must receive the composer with unbiased opinions, and the less the public listens to the effusions of party papers, and the less the educated amateur troubles himself about them, the easier will it be for both to pronounce a just decision.

In the choice of his dramatic subjects, Wagner manifests an especial partiality for those of the middle ages, the period of myths and legends. In this again he is a warm friend of the dusky Past; his dramas are not rooted in the struggles and efforts of the Present, or in the yearning for a better Future, unless, under their obscure, mysterious surface, we are presented with allegories, or unless the "light temple, more precious than sought known on earth, and in it a vessel of wondrous and blessed power," has a deep concealed meaning, which we must not dare to particularize more nearly, since "of so sacred a nature is the blessing of the Grail, that, concealed, it must escape a layman's eye." But however this may be, Wagner's operatic librettos are universally and justly praised for richness of matter and dramatic effect. A strain of true poetry pervades even *Lohengrin*. It is *Eury-anthe*, with greater inspiration, with purer and more vigorous expression, but, otherwise, in a tolerably similar shape. The cursory and almost incomplete manner in which certain points are hinted at—in the repeated endeavors of Telramund and Ortrud to separate the lovers, and especially in the bewitching of Gottfried, &c.—does not materially injure the attractive and moving effect of the whole. Those persons, indeed, who apply to the libretto of an opera the standard which belongs to the drama alone, can hardly be satisfied with the mere outlines of character they will find in the work. But we who stand upon the so-called "surmounted point," must be content with the operatic libretto, considered as such, because, from a composition of this description we expect only outlines, intended not to receive real life until united with music.

This real life is in *Lohengrin* something very pithy, and inwardly rich, although not outwardly varied enough. No one will call Wagner's music trivial. It is pervaded by snatches of truth, grandeur, and real genuine depth of feeling, which, unfortunately, being disfigured by a great many peculiarities and weaknesses, do not always produce the same powerful effect. Wagner's scoring is distinguished for originality, the dazzling charm of unexpected combinations, and many detached genial touches; but, on the other hand, it is deficient, at times, in simplicity, nature, and correct measure. The introduction, before the curtain is raised for the first time, is very original, but much too long, and is rendered repulsive to many persons by the long continued high fingering of the violins. Many, too, of the orchestral introductory and after pieces, are spun out a great deal too much, and the tremolo on the violins is too frequently employed, while the wind instruments are playing the melody. Lastly, the finale of the first act, as well as that of the second, is, in certain passages, too noisy, and strikes us, here and there, as an effective but coarse exaggeration of the means at the composer's command, in Verdi's style. Very nearly the same qualities may be proved to exist in the vocal music of *Lohengrin*. Of course we are still speaking of the "opera" of Lo

Lohengrin, as an opera, that is to say, we are judging it by the old standard, according to which we look upon vocal music, musically beautiful, and at the same time dramatically effective, as the greatest triumph of Art. Musical inventive power is, therefore, for the operatic composer, the first and most indispensable quality, as it is for the writer of the smallest song and of the greatest instrumental work. To investigate how far Wagner is, in this respect, inferior to the old masters, would be here a superfluous task. Whether he sometimes avoids melody on purpose, or does so only when his imaginative power comes to a standstill, is difficult to determine. The musical auditor will always be loth to believe in such an intentional renunciation of this most lofty and heavenly gift, and, whenever he hears no melody, his first and last idea will be: "The composer could not think of anything here." These remarks apply partly to Ortrud and Telramund, both of whom are, musically speaking, neglected. Weber's principal fault in *Euryanthe*, namely, the disagreeable expression, which deprives his Lysiart and his Eglantine of all musical effect, is here, if not surpassed, at least repeated in Wagner's peculiar manner. We do not require that the "out-and-out villain" * should always indulge in the most dulcet of strains, but we still do not perceive why villain should be marked by the composer's condemning the criminal to set at naught the rules of rhythm and good music. Can the feelings which quiver through Ortrud and Telramund in the beginning of the second act be portrayed only by dissonances which reduce the singer to despair and offend the ear of the public? Are not melodies of a gloomy character more appropriate for rendering such situations, than a gloomy absence of all melody whatever? The concluding unison passages of this scene are a sufficient proof of the correctness of our views, since these few bars, from the fact of their forming a definite melody, produce a far more powerful effect upon the minds of the audience than all the preceding detached recitative passages. It is for this reason that the character of Elsa stands out so brilliantly from the rest. We there find the greatest number of complete melodious passages, while spread over the part is that enthusiastically quick and poetically refulgent expression, which Wagner succeeded in imparting to his *Elizabeth*, although in a different degree, corresponding to the nature of the latter work, an expression which, being, both in a musical as well as a dramatic point of view, as beautiful as it is true, fills the soul of the hearer, with profound delight, and of itself is a testimony of Wagner's great ability. *Lohengrin* himself excites in certain passages a similar sentiment of satisfaction, but suffers, like almost all the personages in the opera—not even excepting Elsa—from the systematic employment of the recitative form, on which Wagner's system, if we understand it correctly, is founded. It strikes us, however, that only a tolerable dose of sound judgment is requisite to perceive that when recitative is adopted, partly in its most simple, and partly in an *obligato* form, as a permanent standard, and only extended, now and then, into *ariosos*, but never into a regular air, duet, etc., the impression produced must be pre-eminently wearisome. In the drama when sung as well as in the drama when spoken, one of the most powerful means of heightening the effect is to give a scene an unexpected turn by the arrival of a fresh personage, or the addition of new motives. If, however, this expedient is employed two, three, and four times in succession, so that, in the course of the act the situation is not definitely brought to a close after any one scene, and no interval of natural repose supervenes, the expedient then becomes a fault, because the performers are no longer able to express without exaggeration the increased effect, because they are disappointed in the just claims they have to the applause of the public, applause which is procured for them by the definite conclusion of a situation; because such a conclusion of the separate portions of a work is one of the first rules of composition in art; because the repetition of this dramatic lever, however effective it may be, betrays a partiality for exaggeration and an ignorance of the stage; and because, lastly, the spectator and auditor require occasional periods of repose, and can only experience the consciousness of such a period by the formal rounding-off of a situation naturally complete in itself. This requirement which is, at least, quite as necessary for a musical as for a spoken drama, is mostly unfulfilled in *Lohengrin*, and hence arises the more or less wearisome impression produced by the work even on those who feel that, while their attention is captivated by the composition as a whole, their mind is delighted by detached beauties.

These beauties, however, consist precisely in those (melodic) portions which Wagner's system possesses in common with the opera of the Past, and the interest felt is paid to the poetical whole, the work of individual talent, while all which, in this "Opera of the Past," belongs to the "System of the Future," is to

be reckoned among the defects and weak points of both the opera and the system.

That which turns the scale in matters of Art is true, fresh, and original talent, and not the dry, hollow theories of arrogant system hunters. What the latter spoil, the former make good again, and the sooner talent of this kind frees itself from systematic errors and a useless hankering after novelty, and returns to truly liberal, that is to say, sound and reasonable views, the sooner will it clear for itself a sure and honorable path through the Present to the Future; a Future of merited recognition and undying fame.

W. M. S.

* "Patentirter Bösewicht."

The Poetry of the Puritans.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

Was there no poetry in the Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-palm and the charge; but simple Idyllic poetry and quiet home dreams, love-poetry of the heart and hearth, and the beauties of everyday human life. Take the most common-place of them. Was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby's Rise in Deepening Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent him being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it? his cheek the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half way to his waist in essence and curls; but was he the less a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danclagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boots; but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his moustache and imperial, and bright red coat, cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sat his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet cousin Patience, far, far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his heart while he was "doing the Lord's work," in the teeth of death and hell; but was there no poetry in him five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befuddled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and he seems at once—granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind—as complete a knight errant as ever watched and prayed ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of his gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for his Bible in his boot, and he tried to tune a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience and his father and his mother? and they would hear at least that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the man of sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresbydyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising off the broad misty flat, and the great able tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheeks flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw afar the red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the court-yard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints?

And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coil and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's, Waller's, Sacharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled is but one," than if he had filled pages with sonnets about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and aerial nymphs?

* See "Sir Walter Raleigh and other Miscellanies," published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

FORMES ON LEPORELLO.—Some of the New Yorkers do not like Karl Formes's performance of Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, which was regarded in Philadelphia as one of his best parts. Formes undertakes to teach them what the character is, by publishing a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"For ten years I have been playing the part of Leporello, and everywhere with unequivocal success. I saw it played by the greatest European artists, such as Lablache and others. I have been studying as a conscientious artist this part, and in conformity with the idea of the great composer and to the best conceived characteristic features of Leporello—immensely different from those ideas which a superficial critic is too apt to adopt. Leporello is not the sneaking, crafty servant which critics would like to have him represented; he is neither a Tartuffe nor a Mephistopheles—he is, above all, the Spanish servant of his master. Had the reporter of the *Staats Zeitung*, like Lablache and myself, travelled in Spain and Seville, or Vittoria, and procured for himself a true specimen of a Spanish *servidor*, he would have the opportunity of being enabled to judge a Leporello as he is—a Leporello immensely different from the German valet de chambre of a German count or petty prince.

"Leporello is the servant of a Spanish grandee, treated by him less as a servant, than as his confidant. He is overflowing with insolence and wantonness—ever fickle; when in good luck, bold and reckless; when in danger, craven and trembling; in his conversation, coarse; in his movements, partly rude, partly polished. Add to this his southern vivacity, which, in a German valet de chambre, into whom the critic of the *Staats Zeitung* would like to see him transformed, would no doubt appear unnatural and exaggerated. Lastly, Leporello, who certainly is superior to his master, is so cunning as to still exaggerate these natural qualities in order to deceive his own master with regard to his own shrewdness and craftiness. The great opera public in Paris, London, and also New York, well know how to appreciate this conception of character, such as Lablache and myself regard as the right one, and in spite of increased prices of admission, rewarded us with a numerous attendance and much applause.

PATRIOTIC TUNES IN SCHOOLS.—A letter-writer from Boston, in the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, who has been listening to the songs of Young America, reports the following:

Music in the public schools may be an improvement, through it would be a pity to allow a child that had an ear and voice to spoil both at an age when they ought to be cultivated with great care. The mention of music reminds me of an incident which I happened to witness this summer. Where I was visiting, there was, near by, a large primary school, in which the children, every Wednesday afternoon, spent an hour or two in singing, chiefly patriotic tunes, accompanied by spitting hands and stamping. The windows being open, we heard "Hail Columbia" regularly about four o'clock. One day as I was passing, some twenty of the boys were out and at play on the meeting-house steps near the school house. They were shouting, singing, riding on the balusters, etc. One little fellow, of about eight or nine, was astride one of the rails, drumming and singing with all his might, "Firm, united let us be, rallying round our liberty tree!" etc. In the middle of his song, a smaller boy who was below him, trying to clamber up, fell off; whereupon

the singer interrupted his song with a parenthesis, but only for an exclamation, thus: "Firm, united let us be, rally—(G—d—you, don't you know no better than that?)—rallying round our liberties," etc., the parenthesis being thrown in boldly, in a good mouth-filling style, as if it were almost a part of the tune. I could not but moralize on the spectacle, and say to myself, "Have I not beheld a too common specimen of YOUNG AMERICA?"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

In Memoriam.

Died in this city, Nov. 8th. JOHN LANGE.

Talents and virtues like those Mr. Lange possessed should not pass away from among us without some tribute of grateful recollection. We are sure there are many of his pupils who now feel that they owe to their faithful master a purity and refinement of musical taste, and a love of what is best in Art, which were among his own marked characteristics.

And however their ripened judgment may differ from his, they will never forget the impression produced by his character. In that most arduous and trying occupation of teaching music, his unexampled and unflinching patience, his gentle method of correction, his rare yet satisfying praise, and the enthusiasm which was not concealed by a quiet manner, all combined to stimulate to industry and to inspire respect and attachment. He had, to a remarkable degree, two qualities which young people are quick to recognize and admire—modesty and simplicity. His scholars knew that he was never thinking of himself. Though he was not much disposed to talk to them even about musical matters, the few sentences he did utter, gave insight into a most delicate and appreciative mind. Holding decided opinions, he was yet cautious not to censure, or allow his scholars to condemn hastily even those works which he could not admire. He would sometimes patiently point out the merits of a composition of the "new school," with which it was impossible for him to sympathize. But the greatest pleasure came when a pupil was sufficiently advanced to study Beethoven's works with Mr. Lange; to that great Master he gave the most respectful admiration and the most entire sympathy—he called attention to the less prominent beauties, and taught one to appreciate his music both with the intellect and the heart.

Though we have had among us more distinguished and brilliant pianists since Mr. Lange first came to Boston, there must be some persons who still remember with pleasure the strength and delicacy of his touch (which had a clearness, a ring quite peculiar) and the expression of his playing. He was very unwilling to appear at concerts, partly from shyness, and partly from the labor of preparation which he deemed necessary, but his brother artists received from him in more private ways the aid which he refused on public occasions.

It is pleasant to recollect that he came back to Boston last year because he had more friends here than anywhere else. He spent his time rather in composition than in teaching, and it is to be wished that his publishers would now let us know what he has written.

His solitary life on earth is ended, and as we add his name to the lengthening list of those whom we shall see here no more, there rises before us the vision of truth, uprightness, purity, kindness, and above all, Fidelity.

"How can we wonder when we see him go
To join the Dead found faithful to the end?"

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, NOV. 10. — In his third concert Radecke has some idea of producing Mendelssohn's "Lorely" music.

For Symphony music the opportunities this winter are no fewer than usual. The Royal Orchestra have

begun their usual series of six, in a hall in the opera house, hardly large enough, by my estimate, to hold 800 auditors. Practically the Germans know nothing of ventilation—how much this has to do with the enormous number of deaths by apoplexy, I do not know, but think it must be one cause of them. Neither the opera-house, theatre, nor any one of the concert halls of the city, would be endured in Boston, without some further provision for the renewing of the air of the room. The seats on the main floor of the small hall of the opera house having been all taken, nearly all of us Americans were forced into a narrow gallery, which is nearly up to the ceiling, where the heat and foul air were almost insupportable. The Germans, however, seemed to take it as a matter of course, and when I found my way at last into a deep hole of a recess, where there was a window, and opened it a few inches for a breath, they soon called upon me to close it again. One of the papers suggests that these concerts be given in the opera-house itself. Ah, if they would but do it! They would get many a thaler from the Americans here for their widows' and orphans' fund. The principal pieces were a queer old symphony by Haydn, and Beethoven's first. Taubert led, and how wonderfully he makes them play. Liebig, too, with enlarged orchestra, has begun his extra series of symphony soirées, now given in the Singakademie. House full, performance very fine. His, like those of the Royal Orchestra, will consist of a series of six and another of three.

His ordinary concerts are not, as formerly, all given out at Hennig's Garden. He plays there Sunday afternoon, from 4 to 7, Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 112 Friedrich St., and Wednesday evenings at Sommers' saloon, outside the Potsdam Gate. He has increased his orchestra to 40 members, and naturally has raised his prices—formerly we got six tickets, and now only five, for 371-2 cents of our money. That his orchestra is by no means a contemptible one you may judge from the fact that it is employed now by all the oratorio societies, where formerly the royal orchestra played.

For chamber music, we have first, the old established Zimmermann Quartet; secondly, a new one consisting of Laub, Radecke, Wuerst and Bruns; thirdly, the cheaper one, of which Oertling is at the head; fourthly; the Trio, Hans von Bülow, Laub and Wohlers; and fifthly, the soirées of chamber music of the brothers Ganz.

I have not heard the Zimmermann Quartet since 1856—then I was struck by the perfect union of their playing. I am told that in this respect it surpasses the other, which has not had so much practice, but that Laub surpasses Zimmermann as a first violin.

Laub has made great progress since I first wrote about him three or four years since; as I never heard Joachim in a quartet, I can say with many others, who have heard much more chamber music than I, that L. stands ahead of all players in that department of music, which we have heard. It is truly exquisite.

Their series is to consist of four concerts; at each three quartets; of the twelve, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Cherubini, Schubert, Veit, furnish one each, Beethoven the rest. 1st evening, his Opus 130; 2d, Opus 95; 3d, Opus 132; and on the fourth, op. 131, 18 and 59. There are some quartet concerts for you worth having. They are given in a nice little hall in the hotel known as the English house, and are attended by some 150 to 200 persons,—among them enough from our side of the water to prove that we possess some feeling for the best music.

At the von Bülow Trio, we have old and new; Bach and Beethoven, Liszt and his school. Bülow is held here to be Liszt's best pupil—as he is his son-in-law. He does play wonderfully—only a little too apt to cover the bowed instruments with the tones of his grand pianoforte. Of him, and Laub, and other

ers of the rising artists here I hope to write more at length hereafter.

The Gauz concerts are of a different order; more of the ordinary salon music is given, and the room at the English house is crowded in consequence—as is the hall in the hotel de Russie on von Bülow's evenings. These are the regular concerts of the season as now announced. Those for chamber music will probably be doubled in number before the winter is over, as the series consist of only three or four performances each. Besides them others of all sorts take place, as among us, so that not an evening passes in which the music-lover may not somewhere indulge his appetite.

The regular prices at such performances here are—in our money—half a dollar to subscribers, 75 cents for a single ticket.

There are hopes that before the winter is past, we shall hear Joachim and Clara Schumann together again, but nothing decisive is yet known. Speaking of Joachim—have I mentioned that the ridiculous story of his marriage to Giesele von Arnim, which passed into circulation in the spring of 1856, has no foundation whatever? Poor Bettina, since the renewed attack of apoplexy, is lying very low, and must soon pass away. What she wrote in her letters to Goethe on music should keep her memory alive with all lovers of the art.

A. W. T.

BERLIN, NOV. 15. — I cannot remember what I have written about the LAUB-RADECKE Quartet here. I hope I have been sufficiently enthusiastic, for really their third concert, last week, gave as great delight as any one I ever attended in my life. The three quartets played were, Schubert, Op. 41, A minor—exquisite beyond description, and, by me, heard for the first time; Veit, Op. 15, G minor, also an exceedingly interesting and pleasing work, one you must have at the Quintette Club; Beethoven, Op. 132, A minor—that wonderful work containing the Hymn of Thanksgiving of a Convalescent, "in modo Lidoico"—one of those Galitzin works, which occupied him so much during his last three years. The effect of this quartet, heard for the first time and probably not half understood, upon me was indescribable, and shall pass without any attempt at description.

LAUB has so pleased me by his great execution and evident feeling and enjoyment of all this great music in which he takes the most prominent part, that I have taken pains to procure some particulars of his life—and a mere accident has thrown into my hands a Prague newspaper, which contains just the outline that I need and which I can easily fill up from other sources.

If you will turn to the *Leipziger Mus. Zeitung*, vol. 47, p. 362, you will find a notice of the Prague Conservatorium concerts for the winter '44-'5, towards the close of which is this passage:

"The most extraordinary talent, however, which these concerts have brought to our notice, we save for the close of our article;—namely, the little violinist, Ferdinand Laub, who played the *Polonaise* by Ernst. This boy, now about twelve years of age, is the son of a poor musician, from whom he received just the absolutely necessary elements of instruction, and by whom he was then carried from hotel to hotel as an infant prodigy. Some three years since, he gave a concert, but hardly anybody took notice of it; happily Prof. Mildner was struck by his talent and he was received into the Conservatorium. Now his talents developed astonishingly. No one, who hears him now, and sees with what unflinching certainty, ease and elegance he overcomes the greatest difficulties, with what grandeur of tone and depth of expression he produces cantabile passages, can help asking what remains for the adult, when the boy is capable of so much? A brilliant future certainly awaits this boy."

There is a saying, which I have often found in musical works, attributed to Mozart or Beethoven, that

"the Bohemian is a born musician"—certainly that country has produced an immense number of the best musicians during the last two centuries. Laub is one of them.

"Ferdinand Laub," says the Prague newspaper, "was born on the 19th of January, 1832, in Prague, and when but six years of age, played in private concerts. When Ole Bull gave his concerts in Prague, in 1841, Laub played variations by Mayseder to him, and the Norwegian virtuoso was delighted with his playing. In 1843 the boy entered the higher course in the Conservatorium and received a stipend of 80 florins, [some \$40]. When Hector Berlioz was in Prague [1846?] the boy played a violin piece by Ernst with such expression that the Frenchman threw his arms around him and invited him to Paris. Archduke Stephen made him a present of a real Amati violin; after which the boy, now fourteen years of age, went upon a concert tour, playing in Vienna, Salzburg, Augsburg, Munich, Stuttgart. He then returned to Vienna, where he remained until 1850. The next year he gave concerts with great applause in London. In the same year Prince Fürstenberg made him a present of a violin worth 1500 florins [over \$700]. In 1853 he came to Weimar to Liszt, and was appointed chamber virtuoso to the court, which position he retained two years, and then made another concert tour to Cologne, Aix la Chapelle, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Leipzig."

In the winter 1855-6, he came to Berlin. I remember well the impression he made. In spite of the overwhelming greatness of Joachim's playing, who in largeness and grandeur of style stands above all others, Laub's extraordinary abilities were at once acknowledged, and after playing before the king he was appointed chamber virtuoso here, as he had been previously at Weimar. Last winter he went to Copenhagen, gave there seventeen concerts, and among the marks of attention received there, none is more highly valued by him than a presentation copy of one of his last books and his portrait, both with autographs, from Hans Christian Andersen. Returning from Denmark he went to Vienna, where Ole Bull arranged a banquet in honor of him.

This winter I have only heard him in quartets; but judging from them, I have no doubt that the general remark here is true that, since 1856, he has made "giant progress." He goes soon with Wehle to Russia, to spend six or eight months. Not having heard Joachim in quartet, I can say, conscientiously, that Laub surpasses any one I ever heard in that department of his art. If it were only possible for him to visit Boston!

He is a small man and no one could judge from his appearance that he is so great an artist. His eyes are very full and prominent—he is near-sighted; his forehead not very high nor wide, but very full.

In 1850 he spent some time in an old castle in Bohemia—Schloss Nischburg—and one Sunday was invited to play a solo at high mass in the village church. He told me the story the other day after dinner, and I see no impropriety in repeating it. It was upon some occasion when the musical talent of the place was combined for the production of the service with great village splendor. Laub was told that a very pretty girl was to sing the solos. He went to the church, played his solo to general satisfaction, heard a delicious voice singing hers, but could get no sight of the singer, to his great disappointment, as the tones of the voice had made sad work in the feelings of the boy of eighteen as he then was.

However, after all was over, a rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed beauty of sixteen approached him, all blushing and beautiful, and placed a wreath of oak leaves and wild flowers upon his head! She was the vocal soloist doing homage to the instrumental.

"Yes," said Frau Laub, with a smile, "Madame So and So"—I forget the name—"told me I must do this, and so I went out and collected the leaves

and wild flowers, and made the wreath all with my own hands. I did not think when I crowned him I should ever be his wife!" A. W. T.

NEW YORK, DEC. 6.—Before the receipt of this, you will have PICCOLOMINI in your city, and the Hartford folks, headed by your correspondent "H." will be howling with rage and envy at your good luck—for in spite of disparaging critics, Piccolomini is a treasure.

I have a theory that the opera is not a purely musical entertainment—that besides hearing the singing and orchestration, we go there to see a pretty prima donna, and to look at the dresses of the ladies in the audience, and to make witheringly satirical remarks upon the foppishness of the young men who dress a little nicer than we can afford to do, and to admire the effects of the scenery, and to laugh at the awkwardness of the chorus singers—and to get a little posted up in operatic affairs, so as to be able to talk—and to do ever so many things that are but remotely connected with the music that is the ostensible attraction. And viewing it in this light, I think that when a bewitchingly beautiful little creature like Piccolomini, comes and delights us with her actions and her touching singing, and her grace and her thousand and one prettinesses—why I think that we can very well spare the execution of a Laborde or the intensity of a Gazzaniga. To be sure we might get tired of Piccolomini after a while—but then for a few weeks at a time she is perfectly enjoyable.

She sings better than the critics are willing to allow. To be sure, for a difficult chromatic passage or a high note she will substitute a pretty toss of her head, but yet she is not so wholly destitute of vocal execution as some people say. The first act of *Lucrezia Borgia* she sings well. But unluckily the poor little thing has a thin little voice, and all the genius in the world cannot change it. If she were only a little larger and stronger in her physical frame, and if she had a powerful voice, she would become to posterity a great traditional name, like Pasta and Malibran to us.

Gossips say she has a cherished superstition on the shoe topic. When she first appeared on the stage she wore a certain pair of slippers; and she preserved them, using them the first night of her appearance in any new place, and then placing them away until she again met a new audience. Is not that a pretty, girlish, silly superstition?

She is so good, they say, to her family, and they are all so fond of her, as they ought to be. Indeed I have noted down in my Owl-Book, (a valuable collection of axioms deduced from the result of my patriarchal experience) the following sage remark: "The mutual regard of kinsfolk, though primarily dependent upon the natural ties of consanguinity, is incredibly enhanced by the pecuniary opulence of the object of such regard, inasmuch that they who were in vulgar parlance snubbed, while in a state of pecuniary depletion, are not unfrequently the recipients of lavish affection, when the cornucopia of fortune may have been emptied into their hitherto vacant coffers." So I don't wonder that the Piccolomini tribe are devoted to Maria Pic. Why, I recall at this moment, another striking proof of the truth of my Owl Book extract. Steffanoni—of course you remember Steffanoni,—went upon the stage in direct contrariety to the wishes of her family. Her inclination for lyric triumphs was too great to be resisted and her severely proper relatives disinherited her, and said they never wanted to see her again, and did the usual heavy father business of melo-dramas. Balbina Steffanoni, they said, was no more a relative of theirs. Balbina, however, was not appalled at this domestic excommunication, but commenced her operatic career, and gained fame, and what is a good deal better, money. After an extended tour in North and South America, she returned to Europe with a fortune. And lo! her family

magnanimously resolved to bury the past, and to receive dear Balbina with open arms, and they did so, and their love for their only lost Balbina was like that of Jonathan for David. Does not this support the theory propounded in my Owl Book?

Mr. Piccolomini, and the Dowager Piccolomini, and Master Piccolomini, (who will one day be Clementini) and Miss Piccolomini, Junior, are visible every night at our Academy. They occupy a private proscenium box. Miss Pic. Junior is a very elegant and beautiful girl, and like her sister possesses musical talent. On the nights when Maria Piccolomini herself is not on the stage, she is in the box with her parents, and seems to take as hearty an interest in the performance as any of the audience, liberally applauding the cavatinas of Gazzaniga and Laborde. She is a charming actress, a lovely woman, and a good domestic little soul, the best of daughters and sisters—so everybody tells me that enjoys the acquaintance of herself and family.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON continues to give weekly concerts here. He is more than a prodigy. It is wonderful to hear this delicate boy playing the most difficult fantasias of Thalberg, with almost as much effect as the composer himself. How he has found time in his short life to gain such command over the instrument it is difficult to tell. His brains have not all run to his fingers either, for he is a good linguist and better informed on general topics than most boys of his age.

Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK gave a concert here a few nights ago. He is a delicate, finished player, though not as astonishing an executant as several we have had here of late. Mr. Goldbeck produced a trio of his own composition, of more than average merit. But I trust that the re-discovered—"t"—will leave the provinces and return to New York, and assist my feeble pen in reporting the classical department of music for your Journal. Mr. Goldbeck's concert was one that—"t"—would be more competent than myself, to do justice to.

The Mendelssohn Union gave a second performance of *St. Paul* Thursday evening. Mlle POINROT made her debut Saturday night in the *Huguenots* with great success. She is as fine an artist as Ullman has in his company. TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 11, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera "*Lucrezia Borgia*," arranged for the piano-forte.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The second Chamber Concert fell upon not the luckiest of nights. The weather was in no sense inspiring; what with mizzling and freezing, the sidewalks were as glass, and with not a few the musical appetite was hardly up to venturing upon the *glissando* movement, by which, with many a fiasco, a brave minority of us reached the hall—the, soon to be no longer musical, Masonic Temple. Yet not a bad audience for such a night, and here is what they had for their reward:

PART I.—1. Quartet No. 4, in E flat. Allegro—Andante con moto—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro vivace: Mozart. 2. Air from the *Lauda Sion*, "Caro Cibus," Mrs. E. A. Wentworth: Mendelssohn. 3. Larghetto and Finale from the Quintet in G, op. 171, (first time): F. Ries.

PART II.—4. Adagio for Violoncello; Wulf Fries: Kummer. 5. English Song, "The green trees whispered," Poetry by Longfellow: Mrs. E. A. Wentworth. 6. Quintet, No. 2, in B flat, op. 87. (Posthumous work.) Allegro vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Allegro: Mendelssohn.

A programme without Beethoven! The more the pity, seeing that his chamber compositions, as well as his Symphonies, are the most interesting and inspiring of all instrumental music, and that our opportunities at the best are not over-frequent

for widening and deepening our acquaintance with them. Yet, on the other hand, a programme nobly true to the name borne upon the banner of the Club, since it contains that noble Quintet—one of the three or four greatest instrumental works of Mendelssohn. And what a luxury it is, always, to hear Mozart, and just that one especially among his Quartets, that perfect one in E flat, fourth of the set which he inscribed to Haydn (composed in 1784). Do you remember what his Russian commentator says about it? No? Then turn back to volume VI, page 130, of this Journal, and read it. Certainly in the Allegro and other quick movements, it is grace and spontaneity itself; consummate art, and yet the most delicious, genial, natural expression of pure music; the language of a life freely, blissfully permeating an atmosphere of music, which is world enough in itself, and needs not to be translated into, nor even to borrow a subject from this world of colder thought and speech. And of the divine reverie of the *Andante con moto*, Oulibicheff has certainly not said too much. We love the naïve and childlike ecstasy and beauty of Mozart; but all the more after it should we have liked the depth and earnestness of Beethoven. The quartet was smoothly and beautifully played, but the *Andante* would have borne a little more intensity of feeling on the part of the leading violin, which left nothing else to be desired.

The movements from Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's pupil, were, to say the least, interesting; very dramatic in their structure, with recitative and sudden turns and contrasts, and richly colored; but we should prefer to hear the entire Quintet before saying more. That grand old B flat Quintet of Mendelssohn—we say *old*, because it has ever been a prime favorite in the repertoire of the Quintette Club, and indeed, if we mistake not, it furnished years ago the corner stone to the foundation of the Club, and suggested its name—was most admirably played, and lacked neither fire nor fineness. How bold and animating the theme with which the Allegro opens! and with what breadth and grandeur of effect, what never disappointing growth and climax, sweeping a world of incidental beauties along with its rushing, swelling flood, it is wrought up! What a quaint air of old times, as if it were some ancient ballad, in the second movement! And the Adagio, profoundly tender and at the same time wildly imaginative,—is it not part and parcel of the same inspiration, equally rich, with the Adagio of the "Scotch" Symphony?

Mrs. WENTWORTH met warm welcome. By her tour in Europe, the past summer, she has (to say the least) lost nothing either of that silvery purity of voice, or of that purity of style, which made her admired. On the contrary, she has gained something in ease and finish. And the air from *Lauda Sion* was one finely suited for the exhibition of these qualities; a strain of chaste, ethereal melody. The anonymous setting of Longfellow's verses did not particularly impress us; it sounded like scores of songs which English composers are so fond of setting to Tennyson's and Longfellow's poems. Mr. FRIES displayed a rare mastery in his violoncello solo; and a still finer power in those exquisite *obligato* passages his instrument has in the Quintet by Mendelssohn.

"The Household Book of Poetry."

We hardly know a book—at all events no new book—which has better claims to enter every home where poetry is cherished and our English tongue is spoken, than this "Household Book," collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA, and published by Appleton & Co., New York. It will make the most beautiful, significant and sterling of all the new Christmas and New Year's presents. Truly a splendid volume,

whether we regard the outer casket, (an elegant large octavo of near 800 pages), or the imperishable jewels, happiest products of the mine of thought and feeling and imagination, it contains. The name is singularly appropriate. What is home without poetry? What house is furnished and complete, which has not all those poems, which make themselves known almost by heart, by the truth and tenderness with which they sing of all the best experiences of life, as readily at hand as any of the luxuries and comforts of the outward man? We think this is just the book that we all wanted. It is incomparably the best of all the specimen collections, or selections of English poetry yet published. It is better in its plan. It does not offer *specimens*, either of famous poems, or of noted poets. Literary history was not the purpose of the editor; he has not aimed to show how every poet writes, thereby including with what is good, a vast deal that is dull, that exists only in libraries, that does not live in the heart and life of to-day, and that is only interesting to those possessed of literary curiosity, or engaged in the study and appreciation of an author. He has made a *live* book, by collecting in one volume "whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language." This claim, made in his preface, is perhaps over-confident. It were hardly possible that any one collection, made by whomsoever, should contain all the short poems one would like to keep near by him. But one who carefully explores these 800 pages will be astonished and charmed to find how very few of the poems which he loves are wanting, and how invariably excellent are all of the selections in their way.

The "Household Book," presents a line of poetry from Chaucer to our living English and American bards. It embraces all those cherished pieces of such length as Milton's "Comus," Chaucer's "Flower and the Leaf," Burns' "Cotter's Saturday night," Shakespeare's Sonnets (a liberal selection), Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," &c., &c., together with nearly all of those genuine little lyrics of well-known bards which humanity has taken to its heart, and a large number of those waifs of song of unknown parentage. Of course hosts of injured bards, and friends of bards, will complain that they, or their favorites, are left out. This was inevitable to the plan of such a book, which was not to do justice to the poets, but to English poetry,—and to that chiefly as it is received and as it lives in human hearts, really mingling with our vital culture.

The arrangement of the poems, too, is excellent as novel. Instead of a dry historical or personal order, they are classed under several rubrics of sentiment or sphere of life to which they belong and out of whose inspiration they have sprung. Thus we have poems of Nature, poems of Childhood, of Friendship, of Love, of Ambition, of Comedy, of Tragedy and sorrow, of the Imagination, of Sentiment and Reflection, and of Religion: some authors of course appearing in several or all of these and some in only one. An index of authors, with date and place of birth, &c., adds to the convenience and completeness of the book.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The musical season here in Boston being suspended for a while in favor of the "tulip" exhibition at the Boston Theatre, (see manager Ullman's Tuesday's manifesto in the daily papers), we gather our material this week chiefly from abroad. The intelligent music-lover will not be deterred from reading the account of the Middle-Rhine Festival, and the criticism from Vienna upon Richard Wagner's opera, by their length or the remoteness of the subjects. Both contain musical criticism of value. The remarks in the former about the modern trick of playing everything too fast, are truly to the point, while our readers will be interested if not altogether pleased with its reference to one of our whilome vocal favorites, CAROLINE LEHMANN. The criticism upon WAGNER strikes us as eminently fair and just, recognizing the real talent of the musician, but pointing out the fallacy of his system. At all events, its reasonings are worth considering by those who are impatient for a revolution in the forms of music.... Mr. J. J. CLARKE continues his discussion of the alleged characteristic expression of the Keys in music; it strikes us that he

has got hold of something worth considering, although he is not altogether clear and fortunate in the expression of it; our only criticism would be, that he tries the case entirely in the literal court of mathematics, when perhaps it does not altogether belong there.... Herr FORMES writes well about Leporello.... The tribute, by a lady and a pupil, to the late JOHN LANGE, is appreciative and discriminating; Mr. Lange, it will be remembered, played the piano part, and like an artist too, in the first classical Chamber Concerts ever instituted in this city (under the direction of the Harvard Musical Association.).... Read our "A. W. T.'s three or four last letters from Berlin, if you would know what can be called "a musical city." There opera goes on in several places every night, yet interludes not in the least with Symphonies, Quartets, Oratorios, and regular concerts by all sorts of societies. You can have your choice any night between several Symphonies, several Chamber Concerts, or several Operas, as you can in New York or Boston between several theatres or minor shows. When will that good time come for any of our cities? When shall we have Opera as a regular, wholesome institution, instead of the consuming fever of a few weeks that it now is, fatal to all other music, such as one may enjoy quietly?

The opera-opening at the Boston Theatre was changed to Thursday night; we go to press by that time, and cannot therefore say how we like the PICCOLOMINI. This afternoon she sings in *La Fille de Regiment*, and Mme. LABORDE, one of the most finished of florid vocalists, will follow in the first act of *Norma*.... If there are no concerts, there is plenty of good music to be bought in a more permanent form, destined to give the sweetest kind of musical enjoyment in many a home circle. And in this gift-giving season what can be a more appropriate memento to a musical friend, than a beautiful edition of some noble oratorio or opera; or a complete set of the Sonatas of some master, like Beethoven or Mozart, or the "Songs without Words" of Mendelssohn; or Thalberg's "Art du chant," or for the earnest student, who would go to the bottom of what is most artistic in the divine art, the "Well-tempered Clavichord" (48 Preludes and Fugues) of old Sebastian Bach, all of which good things, with many others, Messrs. DITSON & Co. have published in the finest style, and will be happy to furnish at most reasonable prices. See their advertisement of Christmas presents.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has arrived in London and announces a grand concert in Exeter Hall for the 13th of next month. It will be her first appearance for a number of years before an English public, and it is said that she is in full possession of her powers.... The STRAKOSCH company performed *Don Giovanni* at the Philadelphia Academy last Monday week, with GAZZANIGA as Donna Anna, COLSON as Zerlina, PATTI-STRAKOSCH as Elvira, AMADIO the big in the small part of Masetto, and the two BARILIS to give a faint impression of the Don and Leporello. The season closed on Tuesday night with the "gem acts" of *Favorita*, *Puritani*, *Martha*, and *Il Trovatore*; the four prime donne, Meses. Colson, de Wilhorst, Strakosch, and Gazzaniga, with the rest of the singers, making their adieux. BRIGNOLI is announced to sing with Ullman's troupe in Boston.... Several new books of the fine pianoforte *Studies* of STEPHEN HELLER have lately been published in London, under the absurd publishers' title of "*Ecole essentielle des Pianistes—études progressives, pour servir d'introduction aux ouvrages des grands maîtres*." Books 12, 13, 14, and 15, op. 90." To which title—not to the of course interesting compositions—a critic raises two good objections; to wit; "The *Studies* of M. Stephen Heller, agreeable as they are to practice, by no means form an *essential* school, for pianists; nor do they contain everything that, properly speaking, can serve as 'introduction to the works of the great masters.' It is quite enough to insist that they are in themselves charming, that they rank among the most original contributions to the pianoforte which the present not very prolific age can boast, &c."

PICCOLOMINI. Now that the machinery of *celat* has been exhausted—writes a New York correspondent, in regard to this fascinating little *canatrice*—you may wish to know to what conclusion the judicious have settled down. It is briefly this,—that Pic. is a capital rustic coquette and does the saucy, the wheedling and the hoydenish most cleverly; that she pouts and uses her arms with effect,—but that her *rolé* is very limited, that her voice lacks power, and that she is very like a canary-bird in action, trill, pettishness and prettiness—a sweet, taking, shrewd, capricious, graceful little woman, but no *prima donna assoluta*.

Music Abroad.

PARIS. At the Grand Opera it is proposed to revive one of the operas of Gluck—either *Iphigenia in Tauris*, or *Alceste*, or *Armida*. A new opera by Félicien David, "The Last Day of Herculaneum," is in rehearsal; it contains a "Hymn to Venus" which is said to be very beautiful.

At the Théâtre Lyrique a two-act comic opera, *Broskavano*, by Louis Deffès, has been produced for the first time, and with great success. The music is said to be "full of grace and freshness, abounding in charming melodies, while the instrumentation shows the hand of a master."

All the important singing societies in France are to combine in a great festival to be held in Paris, next March, 3500 singers have already signified their intention to take part in it. Prizes are to be distributed.

The rehearsals of Meyerbeer's new opera in three acts have already commenced at the Opera Comique. The principal characters are entrusted to Mme Cabel, M. Faure, and M. St. Foix. — A grand opera by M. Lebeau, the author of *Esmeralda*, will be produced in January at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It is entitled *Le Sanglier des Ardennes*; the libretto, taken from Sir Walter Scott, is by the brother of the composer.

The Emperor has resolved to build a new opera house. A year ago, when the pretty Hotel d'Osmond, opposite the Rue de la Paix, was pulled down, a report that the new opera house was to be built on the site was indignantly denied by authority. Nevertheless, there was much foundation for the report, and the scheme for establishing the new opera there is even yet on the tapis. A rival project is, however, under consideration for building an opera house on the south side of the Place de la Concorde, which would harmonize in point of architecture with the Ministry of Marine on the opposite side. Such a building would spoil the fine view of the river and the quays from the place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, and would be otherwise an eye-sore, beside being an encroachment on a principal public promenade. Wherever the house may ultimately be, it will, I believe, be made to hold a much larger audience than the present one. The house in the Rue Lepelletier will scarcely hold more than 7,000f., and it is proposed, with a slight rise in prices, to bring the nightly receipts up to 15,000f. The architect has an ingenious plan for warming the lobbies, so as to prevent ladies from taking cold whilst waiting for their carriages; and it is intended to insist upon evening dress for gentlemen, as is done, or at least supposed to be done, in London.

The event of last week at the Italian Opera was the reproduction of *Il Barbiere*, with Mario and Albani, Corsi, Zucchini, and Angelini. Mario is congratulated on the admirable condition of his voice. "Repulse at his villa near Florence has done wonders," says a letter from Paris, "if we may judge from his admirable singing the other night. All the rare and charming qualities of his voice were displayed with that natural perception of how to use it, which belongs, one often thinks, to the inspiration of the moment rather than premeditated study."

BRUNSWICK. The Maenner-Gesang-Verein, under the direction of Herr Abt, and aided by the principal singers of the court theatre, gave lately a vocal concert, the proceeds of which are to form a fund for compensating the composers, whose songs are admitted into their repertoire.

RIO JANEIRO. All the organs of the Brazilian capital speak of the great success of Mme. de Lagrange. She first excited great enthusiasm by a concert; which reached the highest pitch when she sang Norma and Rosina in the theatre. Prices rose to more than double the usual rates.

TRIESTE.—Mr. Lumley's popular tenor, Giuglini, has been creating a *furor*. Previous to his arrival the opera had been twice reduced to the brink of ruin. Signor Giuglini brought back its *prestige* in one night, and gave the direction a new vitality. The public have been in raptures with the great tenor's Edgardo in *Lucia*, Fernando in *La Favorita*, Maurizio in *Il Trovatore* and Arturo in *I Puritani*. Some of the local journals state that the terms he received are altogether unprecedented.

MUNICH.—King Maximilian of Bavaria intends to erect a monument to Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Minnesänger, and author of the epic poem of *Parzival*. The sculptor, Herr C. Knoll, has been intrusted with the modelling of the life-size statue; and we hear that he has nearly finished his task. Leaning with the left hand on his sword, the harp in his right, and the helmet surrounded by a laurel-wreath, the poet steps forth, as it were, to meet us. In his noble face, gentleness and dignity, it is said, are happily combined. The statue is to form the central ornament of a fountain at the birth-place of the poet, the little town of Eschenbach, in Franconia.

LUGANO.—The correspondent of the *Cosmorama Pittorico* writes in enthusiastic terms of a new tenor who appeared a short time since at the Lugano theatre in a petite opera, entitled *Il Pipet*, the music by the maestro De Ferrari. After speaking of the *prima donna*, Signora Benvenuti, and the *buffo*, Signor Carlo Rocca, in terms by no means eulogistic, the writer continues: "But that which above all produced the greatest impression and created the greatest astonishment was the young tenor, Signor Giovanni Romano, pupil of Signor Prati. Handsome in person and gifted with a powerful and extensive voice, he sings with intense feeling and animation, and absolutely rose superior to the scene. He sang the aria in the prison with so much suavity in the *adagio* and so much energy in the *cabaletta*, as to create a real *furor*." The writer goes on to state, that Signor Romano achieved a triumphal success at the fall of the curtain; that *Roberto Devereux* is to be produced for him; and that the public await with curiosity and great interest the first night of the performance.—Query? is not Signor Giovanni Romano identical with Mr. Cavallani, a promising tenor, some time since pupil of the Royal Academy of Music?—*London Musical World*.

LONDON. English Opera, by the PYNE and HARRISON troupe, who sing "Maritana," "Rose of Castille," "Crown Diamonds," &c., is all the music we see noticed, except JULLIEN's grand farewell concerts on the eve of his starting off upon his universal tour to convert the world. His old friend Mr. Punch seems to feel badly at parting with the Mons., and thus gives utterance to his "pheelinx:"

ODE TO M. JULLIEN.

And must you leave us, Jullien? must we wander,
Through life's hard pathway tuneless and alone
Whilst you are gone your magic notes to squander
Midst savages in regions little known?

What shall we have to cheer us when November
Oppresses us with fog and spleen and gloom,
Whilst you are playing tunes we well remember
On Timbuctoo's inhospitable shore?

Sure we shall cut most melancholy figures
When in your concert-room in far Peking,
Fair Jetty Treffe is singing to the niggers
The songs that once in Drury lane she sang.

And will you go as far as Madagascar,
And take the *Trovatore* even there;
And will each pigtailed Chinaman and Lascar,
Think you, for Verdi's *Miserere* care?

And do you think the notes of great Beethoven
Will feast the soul of greasy Quashyboo?
Take care he doesn't pop you in an oven,
And make another kind of feast of you.

Why have you taken up these strange vagaries
Of wandering off to foreign parts abroad;
Of visiting Azores and Canaries,
And leaving us by whom you are adored?

If, as we hope, your scheme is only puffing,
Be warned, dear Mons. your *Punch* sincerely begs,
By him who over-greedy for the stuffing,
Destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

As a specimen of the Jullien concerts we give one report from the *Musical Gazette* (Nov. 13.):

We were almost afraid the *Trovatore* selection was to last forever; the performances, however, at the Lyceum have been agreeably varied during the past week by a selection from the opera of *Der Freischütz*, which was produced on Monday evening last, and was highly successful. It is, in truth, very effective, and displays considerable judgement in the arrangement of the various solos; and the introduction of the "Huntsman's Chorus," capably sung by Mr. Land's choir, makes an excellent *finale* to it. The selection commences with the entire overture, and includes Rodolph's song "Thro' the forest," "Softly sighs," Caspar's Drinking Song, the Waltz, and Hunting Chorus. The solos are finely played by Messrs. Pratten (flute), Duhem (cornet), and Hughes (ophicleide). The houses have been well attended throughout the week.

For Monday, Nov. 15, M. Jullien has announced a "Mendelssohn night," with Miss Arabella Goddard as solo pianist.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Instrumental Music.

Skating Polka. 50

A spirited piece of dance-music, easy of performance. The title-page has a vignette, executed in colors, representing a group of skaters in full enjoyment of this delightful winter-sport.

Papageno Polka. Ludwig Stasny. 25

Most of the visitors of the afternoon concerts last summer, and many of the last season's guests at Newport will recollect this charming Polka on airs in the "Magic Flute," introducing especially those performed by Papageno on Bells and Fifes. It will become a great favorite with piano players.

Muscadine Light Guards Grand March. Atkins. 50

A pleasing march, with a military frontispiece, drawn true to life, and printed in colors.

Wanderer, by Schubert. Transc. by Franz Liszt. 35

This is a celebrated arrangement of Schubert's favorite song. It is superior to every other arrangement, but, like most of Liszt's pieces, it demands a smart player.

Souvenir de l'Amérique. Mazurka. Schulhoff. 30

A very pretty, coquettish Mazurka of medium difficulty in the key of D, Schulhoff's 18th work, which has hitherto been comparatively unknown in this country.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

SONGS AND BALLADS. W. R. Dempster.

Dempster holds a distinguished position among the song-composers of America. His claims for the first place are eminently paramount to those of all other parties. In looking over his numerous works one cannot fail to notice the delicate taste and refined mind which display themselves in the selection of the text, which is invariably made from among the choicest poems of modern authors. A composer who is inspired by that which is truly beautiful in poetry deserves our considerations, even if his labors should but furnish a dress of inferior value to the refined gold of the original. But Dempster has done much more. It is well known that it was Dempster's genius which has contributed largely to the popularity of Tennyson's beautiful ballad of the "May Queen"; and likewise portrayed in tones of striking fidelity the patter and clatter of the rain, so ably pictured in Longfellow's characteristic stanzas on the "Rainy Day," thus carrying out the intentions of the poet. None who have listened to the song of "The Blind Boy" will ever forget its touching simplicity and beauty, and many a one will recall both melody and sentiment of "I'm alone" and numerous other of Dempster's songs and ballads. Dempster's compositions are popular, but in no degree partake of that odious popularity which is fostered into quick bloom by the exertions of wandering minstrels, and brought to an early end by the doleful screechings of street organs. They are addressed to minds of a well cultivated musical taste, and deserve unlimited recommendation as the most pure and refined fruits of American musical literature.

A List of Dempster's Songs will be found elsewhere in the present number.

Books.

LABLACHE'S COMPLETE METHOD OF SINGING.

With examples for illustration and progressive vocalizing exercises. By Louis Lablache. Translated from the French, and improved from all former issues, by the addition of new Exercises for Sustaining the Voice and an engraving representing all the parts of the mouth and throat brought into action in the cultivation and development of the human voice. Complete, \$2.50. Abridged, \$1.50. For Bass voice, 3.00

This is a very clear, philosophical and comprehensive analysis of the true method of developing and forming the voice, and rendering it flexible. It begins at the beginning, describing the organs of voice, giving explicit directions how to produce and vary the vocal sounds, and how to cultivate the powers till the matchless instrument has attained its full excellence.

